

ORPHEUS:

A N

English OPERA.

By Mr. JOHN HILL. *M.D.*

With a Preface, appealing to the Publick for Justice, and laying before them a fair and impartial Account of the Quarrel between the Author and Mr. *Rich*, who intends in a few Weeks to perform such an Entertainment without his Concurrence.



L O N D O N :

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(Price One Shilling.)

ORPHANS:

English OPERA

By Mr. JOHN HILL

With a Preface, containing a full and complete
history of the English Opera, from its
first introduction to the present time.



LONDON

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MDCCLXXIII.



THE P R E F A C E.



It is with the greatest Reluctance that I undertake the Office of appearing in Publick ; but the Quarrel, mention'd in the Title-Page, is now become so publick, and an Affair of so much Consequence, as Mr. *Rich* has attempted to blacken my Character with the Name of a Cheat, and Impostor, by affirming publickly that the Piece is not mine ; that I cannot, in Justice to my self, be silent any longer. I have retorted the Infamy of that Charge back upon himself, by proving the Truth of my Claim before many Witnesses, and by many Evidences ; particularly the Attestation of one Gentleman, who affirms, and is ready to give Oath, that he saw me write every Line of it, and heard every Speech, and every Song, in their first imperfect State, and saw them afterwards finish'd. This (as Innocence is justifiable in a few Words) is sufficient Proof of the Justice of my Claim : And if any of Mr. *Rich*'s Friends can doubt the Truth of it, they may, by enquiring at the Bookseller's for whom this is printed, see the Gentleman, and make their own Ears their Judges. How Mr. *Rich* came by it, what Use he makes of it, and what Injury he intends me, is the Business of the Remainder of this Preface ; and in this I shall beg Leave to be almost tedious in Length, as the Story is most strange. My Appeal is to the Gentlemen who will compose the Audience the Night he intends first to play it : It is from them alone I can hope to find Justice now. But as they have shewn a noble Spirit of Resentment on all just Occasions, I am so far from despairing, that I even promise myself Success ; and doubt not, as I have told Mr. *Rich*, that when this Preface has been read, and the Town acquainted with the Injury he intends me, there will a thousand Gentlemen resolve to go, and to prevent it : And that as soon as he attempts to play the Overture, he will hear a general Call of Justice for the Author, Pay the Author, instead of the Applause he promises himself ; and that nothing will be suffer'd to be heard till he has agreed to do it.

This is the Justice I hope and promise my self from those Gentlemen, when I have given them Proof that I deserve it, by a fair Relation of what has pass'd between Mr. *Rich*, his Friends, and my self upon this Occasion.

He threatens me with Law if I do this, but that I cannot be afraid of while conscious that I am guilty of no Crime. I have a better Opinion of the Laws of my Country, than to believe they can be wrested to the Punishment of any innocent Person.

It is about four Years since I finish'd this Piece ; at which Time I carry'd it to Mr. *Fletewood*, in the Middle of that Season. He approv'd it, and said he would perform it, and doubted not but it would be very much both to his Advantage and mine ; but that as it was now the Middle of a Season, and much Time would be taken up in getting ready the Scenes, and Machinery, it wou'd be impossible to bring it out that Winter. As I had no other perfect Copy, I took back that I had left with him, and in the very Beginning of another Season, went to him again ; he (unfortunately for me) was out of Town ; and after waiting some Days, fearing this Season wou'd be lost too, I carry'd it to Mr. *Rich*'s, and went the following Day to know his Resolutions, but neither that nor any Day afterwards, for a long Time, could I see him at Home, or any where else ; till at the End of a Month, or longer, Mr. *Fletewood* coming to Town, I told him how scandalously I was us'd, and by his Advice recover'd my Copy, with Mr. *Rich*'s Answer, That it was an injudicious Thing, and not fit for the Stage. Mr. *Fletewood* was on this going about it, but to my inexpressible Surprize, I heard Mr. *Rich* was busy in it ; and too forward by a Months Preparations for Mr. *Fletewood* to overtake. On this he was forc'd to drop it : And I immediately apply'd to Mr. *Rich*, to know what he meant by going to work on it, without my Knowledge, Advice, or Concurrence ? And here began the String of his Evasions, which he has stretch'd and varied to so incredible a Length. It was with the utmost Difficulty, and after many Days Attendance, that I saw him to ask this, and had for Answer, only, that he was doing

ing nothing of mine, and that I had had my Copy back long since. This I resented, and talk'd publickly of, and every Body's Opinion was the same, that he had kept mine long enough to make a hundred Copies before he sent it back. And I believe, taking me for a Boy, and incapable of making Resistance, he had resolved to play it in Spite of me that Season: I think he advertis'd that he wou'd, but finding afterwards, I suppose to his great Surprise, that most of the great Men in the Kingdom had seen mine, and knew the Story, he was terrify'd, and dropt it for that Time, but has ever since been carrying on his Preparations for it, and making the Town almost every Month expect it, but in vain, till having now hit on a new Scheme of altering it, till he shall be able to swear it is not mine: He is, in Earnest, now resolv'd to do it; and the First of *Jaunary* is appointed for the Day. 'Tis likely he had designed it sooner, but that our Quarrel has prevented it; for about the Middle of *November* I heard, at his Play-house, that it was to be acted there before the End of that Month; on which, the following Day I wrote to him.

S I R,

" I Hear you are now going to play my *Orpheus*, which you have so often talk'd of, and send you this to inform you that I am still in Being, and as resolute to resent the Injury you intend me, as ever; and that unless you give me Satisfaction, I will take such Methods of Resentment, that it never shall be acted.
 " I shall expect your Answer To-morrow, at the Bar of the *Bedford* Coffee-house, under the *Piazza*, where I will call for it.

And am yours, as you use me,

JOHN HILL.

This Letter he never answered, but as a Gentleman whom I can produce, brought me Word, swore the Peace against me for it; and was using all Means to find where I liv'd: On this, I immediately went to the *Bedford* Coffee-house, and left Word for him, who I was, and where I liv'd; on which a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, and not unknown to me, came to me from him, and ringing in my Ears the fatal Effects of the terrible Law, propos'd an Amicable Meeting; I told him, I was not to be fright'ned into any thing, and at first refus'd it: But however, he perswaded me afterwards, and the next Day I saw Mr. *Rich* at his own House, where I should have been indeed surpriz'd, if I had not known Mr. *Rich* too well to be surpriz'd at any thing from him; for he told me with the gravest Face imaginable, That his was another *Orpheus*, and had another Author. I answer'd him, this wou'd soon bring all to a Conclusion, for he might produce that Author, and if he was the Author, he might prove himself so, as I had done, and then I had no more to say against him. This I spoke with a Smile, that told him I despis'd such poor Evasions. I need not inform the Town that he did not produce him; but however he persisted in affirming there was One, and that he was my own intimate Friend, till vanquish'd in this Attempt. He started another Tale, That he had been about it long before I wrote mine, even seven Years ago; and That Mr. *Lambert* painted Scenes for it, and Mr. *Stead* copied it at that Time; who wou'd both attest it. These Persons I offer'd to meet, with him; and told him, That if they were Men of Worth and Character, and wou'd swear this, that shou'd convince me. This he agreed to with great Pleasure, and the next Day at Twelve o' Clock was appointed for the Meeting, neither he nor any of them came to the Place: I then desir'd to see them in the Evening, which was again agreed to; and in the Evening Mr. *Rich* came with Three of his Friends, One of whom was Mr. *Stead*, who, when I ask'd him severely, how long it was since he copy'd *Orpheus* for Mr. *Rich*, instead of swearing it was seven Years, said he believ'd it might be four; and Mr. *Lambert* never appear'd at all. This Attempt being also frustrated, and Mr. *Rich* even almost silenc'd, I propos'd a Trial, and offer'd to stand by it; which was to put my *Orpheus*, and what he call'd his, or I know not who's, into the Hands of

of any Man of Judgment, who shou'd determine (as the whole Town will find it easy to do, when his is publish'd) whether they were two Works of two different Authors, or one a miserably-alter'd and mangled Copy of the other. I nam'd Mr. Pope, Mr. Littleton, or Mr. Glover, but he was hardy enough to say, and attempted to prove, they were not Men of Judgment, and wou'd agree to neither. He propos'd the Lord Chamberlain; that I agreed to, but he went back from that also. Here, again quite baffl'd, Mr. Rich, as his last Push, hinted at a Gentleman, a Man of Fortune, and Character in the World, whom I have more Regard to Decency than to name, as the Author; and when I doubted it, and said it was impossible, he told us, he had been there but he Day before, and produc'd, in Triumph, a Letter from him, dated that very Day, by Way of Confirmation. This Gentleman I waited on the next Morning, and found another Master-piece of Mr. Rich's, that he had indeed been there, and told this Gentleman that I said, he was the Author, and had given it me: And when I nam'd the Letter to him, he told me fairly what it was about; which was upon a Business, and a Business the most distant imaginable from Poetry.

This Affair has given me a worse Opinion of Mr. Rich than any thing else, and made me very much concern'd that it was my ill Fortune to have any Dealings with him: For a Man who can so meanly and monstrously depart from Truth, as Mr. Rich did, when he told this Gentleman I said he was the Author of my *Orpheus*, can, I fear, do any thing: But when driv'n from all these Evasions, the final Attempt appear'd; Mr. Rich produc'd, out of his Pocket, an *Orpheus*, which he call'd his, and not mine, and wou'd make that Company (all of them his Friends, chosen for the Purpose, except one Gentleman whom I brought merely to be a Witness of what pass'd) the Judges between us, instead of Mr. Littleton, or the others I had nam'd: This I wou'd not agree to as a Decision; but as I was very desirous to hear his, I produc'd a Copy of mine, which a Gentleman in the Company read without a Stop or Accent, in a cant Tone, as if it had been a Sheet of Law French: That Gentleman may understand Law very well, but I am sure he is a very ill Reader of Poetry as I have ever heard. Mr. Rich then read his own himself, with his best Grace of Diction, and not without some Flourishes of Action. The honourable Company gave it against me; to which I answer'd only, That had Mr. Rich read mine, and that Gentleman his, even they, prejudic'd as they were, would have found the last insufferable. This Trial will doubtless bring into my Reader's Mind another Controversy of no little Fame. I shall not call my Antagonist a *Pan*, nor my self an *Apollo*, but I am sure our Judges were every One a very *Midas*; and were I indeed a Son of *Apollo*, they shou'd wear for Life, each an imaginary Pair of Ears, longer than his real Ones. It is plain to me, and will be to the World, when his appears, that it is nothing but a ruin'd and cruelly-butcher'd Copy of mine. And though it ill becomes me to say any thing that looks like Praise to my own, yet this I will be confident to affirm, as I shall immediately prove it, that his has not one Beauty but what it takes from mine; and wherever it varies from mine, runs into some gross Blunder, in most Places into mere Absurdities. To the best of my Memory his Interlude runs thus,

The first Scene is an Apartment of one Mrs. *Rhodope's* a Queen, and as Mr. Rich inform'd us (for I don't know how the Devil we shou'd have found it out else) a Witch too: Here the Curtain rises as in the *Mourning Bride*, to show Musick, and she opens the Drama, by a Soliloquy that has not been in above 500 Plays already, to tell us how powerful Love is beyond Empire; this as a Queen, then as a Witch she conjures ye up a Snake; ay, and a Snake of Understanding too; for he receives her Commands, and then goes off.

Then, I think, there is a Scene of proud and disdainful *Orpheus* (Things very foreign from his true Character) refusing the Love of this conjuring Queen. And next, a Master-piece indeed, and all that (as Mr. Bayes says) a most beautiful and very lively description of the Joys of Sacred Marriage, by *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, a Couple of People, who (as we hear afterwards) had not been marry'd long enough to lose their Maidenheads; for when on the burning Marl of Hell, he seeks her afterwards, we hear him calling her a Virgin Wife; and I hope he was too much a Gentleman to tell a Lye in so nice a Point, especially when speaking to the Father of 'em: After this blessed

Stuff,

Stuff, they betake themselves to their Day's Work, in different Places, (as odd and Employment for a Wedding-day, as I wou'd wish to hear of.) While they are about this, a Snake, we hear, stings *Eurydice* in the Heell; and just at that Moment *Orpheus* happening to come by, gives us some very tender Matters in Words and Song.

The second Interlude is a poor and ruin'd Copy of my first Scene.

The third is the Hell-Scene; and that he may swear indeed is not mine, and I swear so too; for, to my Astonishment, it is *Milton's* Hell, and not the Elysium of the Ancients, that this excellent Contriver has brought *Orpheus* into to seek his Wife — What? among *Lucifer*, *Mammon*, *Belzebub*, &c. you'll say? No truly, 'tis worse than that; for though 'tis *Milton's* Hell, he has stock'd it with a *Pluto*; no *Proserpine* indeed, but a singing *Pluto*, and dancing Fiends and Furies! *Proserpine* (as I said) we don't hear of, she may be gone to sleep, perhaps, or absent on some other Occasion: But I think this inimitable Poet ought to have told us what that Occasion was, that we might the better have excus'd Mr. *Ascalax's* doing her Business for her so very scurvily.

After this we see 'em pass the Stage together silently, before the Scene of his loosing her, which is again mangled from mine; and differs but in omitting of the beautiful Scene of Terrour, as it is call'd, and in having this pitiful and unnecessary Scene first.

When he has lost her, *Rhodope* appears again to court him, and is again rejected: Then conjures up to her Revenge, the Rage of Bacchanals, who, that it may differ from mine, kill him behind the Scenes, instead of in the View of the Audience. Then this *Rhodope*, whose Part is all the Way, excepting the Trifle of her Witchcraft, a fine Tragedy Queen, concludes in Character, and stabs herself, and dies!

Then for his last Scene he has a miserable Copy of my second; and brings *Apollo*, doing the dead *Orpheus* Honour, instead of my *Bacchus* revenging him: And where *Bacchus* in mine speaks for Conclusion, the Moral of the Whole he ends with a Song. This indeed I do not wonder at, for I cannot see any Shew of Moral through the whole Work; and believe the Alterer forgot it, as some late Authors have a Thing almost as material, their Plot. But not to be too hard upon him, perhaps he traced the Story no farther than *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, and consequently was so little a Master of his Subject, as to think me impertinent in mine: But it wou'd be too hard to insist on ev'ry Poet's Understanding *Greek*; and as I must always be strict to Truth and Justice, I shall frankly confess, I owe my Moral to *Socrates*.

This is, as far, and as fairly as I can remember, the Character of this some-body's, or no-body's *Orpheus*. Mine it wou'd not become me to praise; and in very Sincerity, I have a worse Opinion than I think any Body else has of it. The universal Applause it has met with (for even my Enemies confess its Merit) wou'd make many young Poets vain; and I cou'd set Names to it here, that would make it almost sacred from Infamy: But to speak my own real Sentiments, I am ashamed of publishing it, as I am now a Man, whose Time and Studies are, and ought to be taken up by Matters of more Consequence. If Vanity of the empty Name of a Poet, had induced me to print it, it had been printed long ago; but as Justice was the only Motive, now alone is the Time for its Appearance. Were it even worse than *Rich's*, the Publick will pardon me, and tell me I need not be too much ashamed of it, when they know, as I have prov'd, in Order to the proving it mine, that I was a Boy, in an Apprenticeship when I finish'd it, and a Boy indeed at School when I first laid the Plan, which in Truth, I have little vary'd from, as more proud of what (imperfect as it was) I could do then, than of the best I could do afterwards. Such as it is, the pretended Author of the other cannot, I believe, charge it with such gross Inconsistencies, and palpable Absurdities, as I have mark'd in his. The Faults as he calls 'em, which Mr. *Rich* points out in it, I shall be proud to acknowledge, as I count 'em its best Beauties. The first is, that my *Eurydice* appears not till in Elysium; and this has been call'd the most artful Thing in the whole Contrivance, as the Audience hears her for ever talk'd of, and have their Expectations rais'd to a Height, before they see her. If Mr. *Rich* believes this to be only my Opinion, I will produce to his Confusion, the Gentleman who first spoke it. Of this I can assure him, his *Eurydice* makes so very ill a Figure, that it had been much for his Credit if she had not appear'd till in Hell too; where I think, according to his masterly Contrivance, she

she speaks not a Syllable, and then he might have been sure she wou'd have said nothing to be laugh'd at. The second is his Objection to *Orpheus's* Song, as he calls it, to *Pluto* and *Proserpine*, which he very ingeniously says, will take up six Weeks in performing. This too, after I have set Matters in a just Light, I shall not be asham'd to say I am proud of. I call it a Cantata, four Parts in five of which are only Recitative; nor is it longer than most of the good Things of that kind that have been publish'd: I have ask'd the Opinion of a Judge in Musick, and learn that nine Minutes will be about the Time it will take up in performing. There is nothing in the Words impertinent or useless: And when my Readers consider the Business of that Performance, to change the God of Hell from Fury into Pity, they will tell me, I should indeed have deserv'd to be laugh'd at if I made a shorter do it.

The last and great Objection is, that my *Orpheus* has no *Rhodope* in it; And what his *Rhodope* has to do with the Story, who she is, or where this Alterer found her I cannot imagine? *Ovid* was certainly a Master of Story, and he names no such Character; but this Gentleman I find is for improving on him: Who she is, and where he found her, was the next Business of Enquiry? For this I search'd all the Books I could imagine him cover'd in; *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, which to be the more likely to meet with his Thoughts, I got in *English* too; then *Tooke's Pantheon*, and *Littleton's Dictionary*, but no *Rhodope* can I meet with there of any Consequence, but the same *Virgil's* and *Horace's Rhodope*, which is not a Queen, but (as I must inform this learned Gentleman) a Mountain cover'd with Ice; nay *Pope* talks too of *Rhodope's* Snows: Now our Poet must have the Devil of a Knack at Allusion, if he can form any between a Mountain cover'd with Frost, and a Woman burning with Lust. These are the Objections he has made, and I have answer'd 'em I believe even to his Satisfaction, at least to his Shame: I have heard of no other, nor, though he should start new ones, shall my Reputation be any more concern'd in so ridiculous a Quarrel, but I will lay the Defence of it on some One of those great Names that countenance it, and let them answer for their Judgment. I shall draw to a Conclusion, with one unhappy Trip *Mr. Rich* has made in his private Conversation. He told us of a Snake of 17 Foot long, which he had bestow'd 300 *l.* on in Clock-work, to give it Motions in itself. This I glory'd in not a little, imagining he would acknowledge it my *Hydra*; and a glorious Figure it wou'd make indeed, to see it of that enormous Length, and performing in itself the Motions I describe for it, on hearing *Orpheus's* Musick: And by my Plan all this was even necessary: But behold, this is not to be the *Hydra* now, but the Serpent that stings *Eurydice*: But these Artifices are too thin to pass on any Judgment. Will not the meanest Capacity say, that One of a seventeenth Part of the Length wou'd have done the Business full as well, nay even none at all, as he contrives the fatal Stroke to be given behind the Scenes; and no-body will believe he would be so mad, to make one of that prodigious Length, and cram three hundred Pound's-worth of Clock-work down his Belly, to make him do what Nothing might have done as well; 'tis monstrous and incredible!

The Difference between his and mine is great indeed, but 'tis of such a Kind, as will never make it pass on any judging Man, for another Work of another Author, for 'tis easy to see, that wherever he differs from mine, 'tis a study'd, not an accidental Difference: And as I have fairly prov'd, is ev'ry where for the worse.

If I have forgot, or mistaken any thing in his, I shall be sorry; but I am pretty sure I have not, as One of the Gentlemen who was in Company, and whom I have made a thorough Convert since, finds not the least Mistake. What has been impossible to know, I have modestly guess'd from Circumstances, and set down so; what are Facts I have affirm'd: There are many Things that those who do not know *Mr. Rich* may think incredible: I have been deeply injur'd, and may have spoken warmly, but wou'd not willingly be suspected of the least Shadow of an Untruth; and shall therefore inform whoever doubts, that I have Witnesses, and those Men of Character and Reputation too, to the strangest Things, for no Part of this Quarrel has been in private.

I am asham'd of the Length of this Preface, and beg the Pardon, and Favour of its Readers, to prevent the Injuries this ill Man intends me.

C

PERSONS.

P E R S O N S.

Orpheus,

Hymen,

Pluto,

Bacchus,

Proserpine,

Calliope,

Eurydice,

The Muses, Bacchanals, Clowns.

ORPHEUS.

INTERLUDE I.

SCENE. *An open Plain ; Forreſts at a Diſtance. Under a hollow Rock, Orpheus leaning in a melancholy Poſture on his Harp. A Noiſe of a tempeſtuous Wind heard among the Trees, and Roaring behind the Scenes, as of a River falling down a Precipice. After ſome Time Orpheus ariſes and comes forward, plays a ſhort Prelude on his Harp, and then accompanying his Voice with it, Sings.]*

*IS there a Pain that can compare,
 Ill-fated Love, to thee ?
 Horrors like thine, can Hell prepare ?
 Or Heav'n ſevere, decree ?
 Dead ! dead Eurydice !
 With Love, with Anguiſh, and Deſpair
 My raging Soul at once poſſeſs'd ;
 Struggling, as Earth-imprison'd Air,
 Heaves, and ſhakes my lab'ring Breſt,
 Impatient of Delay ;
 To tear, to burſt its bleeding Way,
 And fly enlarg'd to thee !*

[As he ſings this, the whole Scene is in Motion by the wonderful Power of his Muſick : The Trees bend their Heads, and at length move toward him, till they have form'd a Foreſt all about him. The Rock under which he ſat falls in pieces, and the Stones gather round him. The tempeſtuous Wind is huſh'd, and the Roaring of the River ſtops. Beaſts of all Kinds, Savages from the Foreſt, and Sheep from the neighbouring Paſtures gather liſtning round him. Clowns from their Work enter among them, and neither they, nor their Cattle, ſhew any Fear of the Savages, nor they any Fierceneſs ; all other Paſſions being drown'd in Admiration. On one Side enter Hymen with a Look of Pleaſure and Amazement.]

*Hym. O Pow'r of Harmony ! divine Muſician !
 See at his Feet each Savage of the Deſart
 Wrapt in attentive Silence as he ſings,
 Melts from his Fierceneſs into tender Paſſions ;
 While liſt'ning Rocks, and this new-rooted Foreſt,
 Big with new Pow'rs, proclaim his wond'rous Voice,
 Warming with Life th'inanimate Creation !
 The Tempeſt, that with loud Deſtruction wing'd,
 Toſs'd in its Way th'affrighted Peaſant's Cottage
 In Ruins down, now ſilent in mid Air,
 Forgets a-while the Ravage it intends ;
 And the rough Wave on yon tall Precipice,
 Hangs hov'ring, nor remembers more to fall !*

Orph.

Orph. Hear these? and hears not she? hear not the Gods!

Hym. Words of Despair! and Looks of burning Anguish!
O fatal Change! Horror for Nuptial Joy
Triumphant on his beauteous clouded Brow.
Tell me, lov'd *Orpheus*, why this Scene of Sorrows?
Are these the Robes of Transport? do these Tears
Become the Bridegroom of *Eurydice*?

Orph. Never let Man believe he can be happy.
No more the Bridegroom, but the widow'd Mourner
Am I, O *Hymen*, of divine *Eurydice*.

O Source so soft of Joys, to me of Sorrow:
To me thou giv'st a Moment's Taste of Heav'n,
To make me pine for ever at its Loss.

Hym. Her hast thou lost then? Most unhappy Youth!
What Cruelty of Fate has torn her from thee?

Orph. Why do I live to tell? For Love, O *Hymen*!
For Love and Virtue dy'd *Eurydice*:
Trembling she saw th'ungovern'd Youth approach,
His Eyes declar'd his Purpose---- swift she fled,
Swift as some pitying God had giv'n her Wings
She fled--- but left, alas, her Life behind.
Fill'd with the Ravisher's dire Form, she saw not
The deathful Serpent rolling to her Way
In horrid Spires, but in her Foot receiv'd
Th' envenom'd Wound; she fell, (O my *Eurydice*!)
And rav'ning Death ev'n seiz'd her in her Fall!

[Sings. Tell me, O tell some pitying God!
And give my tortur'd Soul Repose,
How does its dearer Part,
My lov'd, my lost *Eurydice*
Enjoy or mourn her new Abode?
Does she securely smile in Peace
Or pines she thus for me?
How with uncertain Fear my Bosom glows!
But 'tis decreed I must not know,
Till down to her I go:
Then swell no more, in vain, my Heart,
But break, and give me Ease.

[While he sings this, the whole Scene is in continual Motion; the Trees bend their Heads, the Stones shake, and the Beasts make a melancholy Howling. When he has been gone a little while, Things recover their former State again. The Clowns and their Cattle look with Terror and Amazement on the Savages, and fly precipitately from them, while they appear in all their Fierceness again, and run bellowing into the Woods. The Tempest, and Roaring of the River, are heard, as at first.]

INTER-

An English OPERA.

3

INTERLUDE II.

SCENE. *A delightful Mountain. In Prospect an Intermixture of Rocks and Forests in wild Grottoes; open Plains in other Places, and Brooks falling in natural Cascades: On one Part of it Calliope seated, with the other Muses round her, playing soft and melancholy Musick on their Harps. After some Time Calliope rising, sings,*

*No more! no more! these solemn Sounds
Enflame, not heal my Grief;
Your fatal Kindness deeper wounds
Where it would bring Relief!
Thus mourns my Son ---*

*[Here she stops unexpectedly, as quite overcome with
Tenderness, and unable to proceed. After some
Time of Silence, Chorus of all.]*

*O Grief insatiate, raging Fiend,
Thou Tyrant murd' rer of Repose,
With Blushes thy pale Cheek be stain'd,
While this immortal Victim bows!*

*[One of the
Muses alone.]*

*Phœbus, O heal her wounded Breast!
Celestial Sounds are vain:
The meagre Foe consumes her Rest,
And triumphs in her Pain!*

[Chorus.]

*O Grief insatiate, raging Fiend,
Thou Tyrant murd' rer of Repose,
With Blushes thy pale Cheek be stain'd,
While this immortal Victim bows!*

*[Another of
the Muses.] If ---*

*Call. O Stay! see where the dear unhappy Boy
Beneath yon gloomy Grove unloads his Breast,
And tells to pitying Savages his Sorrows:
Lost in Despair, and wand'ring, thoughtless whither,
This Way he bends his melancholy Steps.*

[Here again a perfect Silence: After some Time Orpheus is heard singing as he enters.]

Tell me, O tell, some pitying God!

*Call. O They are deaf, my Son ----
D*

Orph.

Orph. They are, they are--- More pitiless and cruel
 Than Rocks or savage Breasts --- No longer then
 I'll tire these babling Ecchos with my Pray'rs ;
 Down to th'infernal Realms I'll fearless go,
 And bend before that Throne where now she bows :
 There I'll address my Song --- there summon all
 The sacred Pow'rs of Musick to my Aid,
 And move those Hearts that ne'er were mov'd before :
 Then shall be known the Pow'r of Harmony,
 Hell shall give back my Bride --- Hell shall give back
 And leave to Heav'n its Name inexorable.

Call. Whither will this wild Passion hurry thee ?
 Forbear, forbear my Son ---

Orph. No --- I'll be calm ---
 Yet stand unshaken in my dreadful Purpose.
 I'll go --- I'll seek my lost *Eurydice* ;
 Nor Heav'n nor Earth shall stop my eager Journey !
 I'll bring her back, or stay for ever there !

[Sings.] *What Pow'r has Fate that can controul
 A Breast secure like mine ?
 Or I succeed, or free my Soul,
 In Life or Death we join.
 Equal to welcome either Doom,
 I come, Eurydice, I come.*

[*As he sings, the Trees, and Stones, and Beasts draw towards him again. When he has ended
 he goes off hastily ; Calliope follows him, and the rest of the Muses follow her singing.*]

O Grief, &c.

INTER-

An English OPERA.

5

INTERLUDE III.

SCENE. *The Hell of the Ancients.*

[*The Stage open'd to its utmost Extent to give Room for the Variety of Phantoms its Inhabitants. The Top bounded by the River Phlegethon, burning with a strong sulphureous Flame all the Way that it is seen to run. Next within that, the Throne lofty and magnificent, contriv'd with all the Brightness and Horror imaginable, as by stain'd Glass with Lights behind. At the Gate of Entrance, near the Front of the Stage, the monstrous Hydra with its fifty Heads and fiery Breath for the inner Guard. A dreadful and confus'd Noise of groaning, howling, shrieking, &c. as from the tortur'd Inhabitants; and frequent Flashings of blue Flame, from the side Scenes. The whole Stage darken'd as much as possible, to give these things a stronger Appearance by their own Light. After a sufficient Time for this to be observ'd, a loud and harsh Noise of lifting up the Bars, and opening the Iron Gate, and enter Pluto and Proserpine led in by Typhphone the outer Guard of the Gate. A terrible Spectre with a flaming Torch in her Hand, dress'd in a bloody Robe, and Hair of hissing Snakes.*

Plut. Whate'er it be--- be watchful in your Post,
And let none enter here ---- shut the vast Gate
With all its Bars--- [*Exit Typhphone and shuts the Gate.*]

Now we may sit secure;
Not ev'n my Brother *Jove*, with all his Gods,
Could force a Way thro' that stupendous Barrier.

[*The Hydra gives Way, and they walk up the Stage, and seat themselves on the Throne. The shrieking, &c. loses its loudness, and softens into a dismal melancholy Murmur; and the whole Stage being perfectly enlighten'd is seen cover'd with the Inhabitants of the Place. The Furies dress'd like Typhphone on Iron Beds, with Whips, and Instruments of Torture in their Hands. A huge Tytius chain'd along the Ground, reaching the whole length of the Stage, his Breast tore open, and two Vultures sitting on it feeding on his Liver. Sisyphus labouring up Hill with his Stone. A Theseus fix'd on his burning Rock. An Ixion fasten'd to his Wheel continually turning round with him. A Tantalus fixed up to the Chin in Water, with delicious Fruits playing over his Head, both which he is continually trying to catch, and both still flying from him. The Lapithæ with starv'd and meagre Faces, seated at a rich Banquet with one of the Furies for a Companion, who, if they attempt to touch any thing, shakes her flaming Torch, hisses her Snakes, and thunders at 'em with her Voice.*]

Proserp. What is it that disturbs my Lord?

Plut. Some being,
Of Substance much unlike the airy Forms
That wander in our visionary Shades,
Is just arriv'd --- but who or what we know not:
He charm'd, they say, by Force of pow'rful Sounds
Our churlish *Charon*, and fierce *Cerberus*,
And mix'd undaunted 'mong the Crowd of Ghosts,
Striking incessant his amazing Lyre!
The Shades in yon *Elysium* hover round him
Thick as Autumnal Leaves ---

Prof.

Prof. Perhaps some God----

Plut. I rather think some other daring Mortal
Forgetful sure of that bold Wretch's Fate, [pointing to Theseus.]
On some romantick Purpose.

1st Fury. If it be ---
If ever I have serv'd thee well, my King,
In high-wrought Pains, and Soul-consuming Tortures,
As these great Trophies loudly witness for me, [pointing to the tortur'd Ghosts.]
Give me, to sting him howling thro' our Regions,
And plant ten thousand Daggers in his Breast!

Plut. 'Tis granted --- but be cunning in your Torments,
And make the Scene a Master-piece of Horror!

[Orpheus is heard playing on his Harp at a Distance.]

Plut. Hark, *Proserpine!* methinks a distant Sound
Plays in my Ear--- 'tis surely he without,
Aiming his Musick at *Tysiphone* :
'Twou'd make me smile if he shou'd tame that Fury!

[Here the Bars lift up, and the Gate flies open of its own Accord.]

Plut. Amazement! --- see the pond'rous Gate self-open'd
Bids the bold Victor enter! --- 'tis so--- a Mortal!
Arise, my Minister of Vengeance --- tear him! [Orpheus seen playing.]

[Here Orpheus stands in the Gate of Entrance in a Posture of imploring Pity, and plays on his Harp a Prelude to the following Cantata. The Fury that rose up to destroy him stands still as in Amazement, and Admiration of his Musick, and drops the Whip out of her Hand. Pluto and Proserpine continue with Appearance of the utmost Astonishment, looking at Orpheus, and at each other. At length the Hydra at the Gate moves back and lies down stretch'd at his whole length, in a Posture of Attention: On which Orpheus enters, and advancing nearer the Throne, kneels and sings,

Recitative. Great Deities, to whose tremendous Throne
Two Worlds with awful Fear their Homage own,
May endless Ages fill these Plains, and tremble at your
Frown!

See

An English OPERA.

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*See from the joyless Realms of upper Air
A wretched Youth abandon'd of the Gods,
Conscious of your unbounded Pow'r, repair
An humble Suppliant to your dread Abodes !*

Air.

*Those Gods unpitying hear my Moan,
Nor can they heal my wounded Breast ;
You mightier Pow'rs, 'tis you alone
Can give my tortur'd Soul to Rest !*

*My Bride, my lov'd Eurydice
Is yours --- so early Fates ordain :
Me too, O keep then -- or decree
That She may bless my Arms again !*

*Recitative. By the soft Fears that shook thy tender Breast,
When Once, dread King, thy Proserpine was coy !
By these thy Hours with her securely blest,
Crown'd with immortal Love, immortal Joy !*

*By the warm Sighs, bright Queen, the strong Alarms,
When first with Love thy Virgin Bosom glow'd :
By those divine, those all-resistless Charms,
To which the Lord of these vast Regions bow'd !*

Air.

*Yield, O yield a pitying Ear,
Propitious to my Pray'r !*

*Recitative. Relenting, give her to these Tears ?
Soon shall we both again be yours :
What is, alas, our Length of Years ?
A transient Dream of fleeting Hours !*

Air.

*So shall the Lyre for ever tell,
Your sacred Names how I adore :
How you the Gods of Heav'n excel
Not less in Mercy than in Pow'r !*

*[As he sings this, the whole Scene of Horror
is at a Stop with Attention to him. The Fu-
ries drop their savage Looks, and Instru-
ments of Torture. The Vultures on the Breast
of*

of Tytius, cease to feed, and turn their Heads toward him. Sisyphus rests upon his Stone. Ixion's Wheel stops. All the rest shew the same amazing Proofs of Attention; and Typhoeus forgetting to shut the Gate, great Numbers of other Ghosts from Elysium come continually crowding in.]

Prof. Amazement! Can there be this Pow'r in Sounds?
His Musick has subdu'd my Soul, and fill'd it
With tender Thoughts it never felt before!

Plut. I'm lost in Transports of Delight and Pity!
Pity thee! dear, dear Youth! Is there in Nature
Ought so insensate, but must pity thee?
Behold this wretched Troop of tortur'd Ghosts,
Whom thousand thousand Ages ne'er have giv'n
A Moment's Respite from their Fate before,
With fix'd Attention--- hang upon thy Voice;
And each, to feel thy Pains, forget his own!

Orph. Since you can pity--- make, O make me blest!

Plut. Blest thou shalt be, as I have Pow'r to make thee:
Thy Soul shall bid adieu to all its Cares;
Shake off the Chains of dull Mortality,
And live to share unbounded Joys with me!
Now stretch thy utmost Thought--- now rowze thy Soul,
To form Ideas of supreamest Blessings,
And be prepar'd to meet a nobler Store:
Name but a Joy, and it shall crown thy Wishes.

[While Pluto is speaking this among the Crowds of Ghosts that flock in to hear Orpheus, Eurydice enters: Immediately on seeing him she runs to him, and hangs upon his Neck, with Appearance of the utmost Joy and Fondness. He holds her in his Arms, and expresses in his Look the same Signs of Love and Transport.]

Prof. She, now thy Soul's best Pleasure, thy *Eurydice*,
For whom thou gav'st this wond'rous Proof of Fondness,
Whom thou hast follow'd to these dreaded Shades
Shall crown thy joyous Hours with Love and Beauty,
With Charms that Fate can rob thee of no more!

Orph.

An English OPERA.

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Orph. Transcendent Goodness! Miracle of Bounty!
How shall my Soul express the thousandth Part
Of this vast Load of Gratitude and Praise
That inward swells, and labours here for Utterance?
Yet, O ador'd! O greatest Deities!
By this amazing, this unequal'd Goodness,
Look pitying on the Frailty of our Nature,
And grant the fond Request it bids me urge?
Pardon that I decline a-while these Joys
That woo my Soul to bless'd Eternity:
While this lov'd Object triumphs in my Heart
I wou'd be mortal still, with her be mortal;
With her re-visit Earth's uncertain Pleasures,
Till Death shall bring us to these Realms again.

Eur. O *Orpheus* --- O my Heart --- teach me some God
How I shall pay him this prodigious Debt
Of Love -- of Gratitude -- dear, dear ador'd!

Plut. Amazing Blindness! That a Wretch of Earth
Can wave the Joys of Immortality,
Again to wander thro' that dismal Scene
Of Pains and Miseries! --- howe'er, 'tis granted.

*[As soon as Pluto has spoken this, Eurydice
(who for the Rest of the Time he was speak-
ing, had stood with Appearance of the highest
Terrour, as fearing he would deny) flies to
Orpheus, and again holds him, speechless
for some Time in her Arms, and afterwards
sings,*

Euryd. Again, my *Orpheus*, do we meet?
Again the Joys of Love repeat,
Triumphant over Death's Alarms?
O my Heart's abundant Joy,
My dear, my lov'd, my heav'nly Boy,
Welcome, welcome to my Arms!

Orph. Do these Arms again infold thee?
Do these Eyes again behold thee?
Bright with all thy wonted Charms:
O my Soul's supreamest Treasure,
Dearest Source of ev'ry Pleasure,
Welcome, welcome to my Arms!

These

*These mighty Deities, whose Pow'r
Has rais'd us from the Depth of Woe,
And bid our Joys unbounded flow,
How can our Souls enough adore !*

Both.

*These mighty Deities, whose Pow'r
Has rais'd us from the Depth of Woe,
And bid our Joys unbounded flow,
How can our Souls enough adore !*

Plut. Such Joys as Earth bestows attend ye --- 'tis your Choice.

Prof. Eurydice, Thou'rt free to leave these Regions.
Orpheus, Turn from her, lead the Way to Earth,
She sure shall follow --- and this, her airy Being,
Shall in the Journey, change its loose Contexture
To what suits Earth --- But this is not a Business
For mortal Eyes to dare be prying into.
Hear therefore, and observe this sacred Law :
Turn not again --- nor dare to look behind thee
Before thy Foot re-touch its native Earth.
So shall secure Success attend your Journey.
But shou'd'st thou dare to break this dread Command,
Know, from that Moment all our Grants are void,
And thou ingrate a deeper Criminal
Than is the foulest of these tortur'd Ghosts !
Now go: Obey: and Peace attend your Lives,
Till Fate restore you to immortal Pleasures.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*As soon as Orpheus is gone, the Ghosts re-
sume their former Employments.*]

INTER-

INTERLUDE IV.

SCENE. *A thick gloomy Wood between Earth and the infernal Shades : All the Trees half-rotted, crack'd, and decaying ; the Leaves that are on them of a wither'd yellowish Colour, and the Ground underneath, deep cover'd with others of the same kind, as if the Fallings of many Seasons. No Path visible thro' any Part of it. The Stage very much darken'd, and a kind of dead Stillness thro' the whole Wood : No Voice of any kind heard, nor Motion, so much as of the least Breath of Wind to ruffle the Leaves. Faint Glimmerings of Light now and then darting among the Shades. At the farther End enter Orpheus, as on his Journey to Earth, Eurydice following at a little Distance : They advance slowly toward the Front of the Stage.*

Orph. Hail, dear Returns of long-expected Day !
Hail, ye faint Glimmerings of its distant Brightness !
Now we may give our Toil a Moment's Respite,
Cheer'd by thy friendly Beams---we said, my Soul ?
Fond Thought ! How know I but I am alone ?
Alas, I hear her not ! --- why, nor have ever [listening.]
Thro' the long Mazes of this tedious Journey :
--- Her airy Step eludes my heavy Senses.

But she must now be Flesh --- now fit for Earth ;
Why then do I not hear ? --- I must not look !
O cruel *Proserpine* ! severe Command !
Not till my Foot shall touch its native Earth :
Why this is Earth --- Oh ! no, deluded Soul,
This dismal Scene speaks loud the Realms of Death !

Alas ! How easy, 'midst the wild Meanders,
The Scenes of horrid Darkness we have pass'd
May she have lost me --- or, perhaps fatigu'd,
Or faint with Terror at the fearful Journey,
Have laid her down in Anguish and Despair,
While I pursue the pious Toil in vain !
Distraction ! pardon Hell ! I must, must look,
Eurydice !

[The Moment that he looks back, a dreadful Noise like a Thunder-Clap is heard from the infernal Regions, and repeated at some Distance to the third Time. Orpheus and Eurydice continue all the while silent, looking with Despair at each other, at length

Euryd. O fatal, fatal Rashness !
'Twas the dread Signal of fierce *Pluto's* Anger !
Again we part, and all our Joys are lost !

F

I go---

I go---farewel! farewel, alas, for ever,
Dear, dear unhappy Boy!

[Here Orpheus runs to her, and as he attempts to hold her, she vanishes from within his Arms, which he clasps together several Times afterwards, as attempting to find her again.]

Orph. --- 'Tis vain! 'tis vain!
Twice have I lost thee, O *Eurydice*!
Twice then will I regain thee --- down to Hell
Again I'll follow thy unhappy Shade,
And yet re-call the Joys this fatal Folly lost!
Ah no! no more must I seek Pity there,
The great Command is broke --- a wretched Criminal!
Must I now bend before those angry Pow'rs?
Doom'd, in eternal Exile from her Presence,
Some other dismal Pain --- O Horror! Horror!
Earth, be thou then my Hell!

[As he speaks this, he often looks toward Earth, and toward the infernal Shads, and just before the last Line, assumes a Look of Resolution, and turns forward, then sings,

*Life I loath: but dare not die!
What has unpitying Fate in Store
That can encrease my Sum of Woe?
My Breast is torn and suffers more
Than Tytius' tortur'd Ghost below.
What are his two Birds of Hell?
Here a thousand Furies dwell!
Whither, O whither shall I fly?*

[Exit.]

[The Trees, &c. give the same amazing Proofs of Attention, as in the first Scene.

INTER-

INTERLUDE V.

SCENE. A spacious Plain, clos'd by a Prospect of Rocks and Forests. A perfect Silence and Stillness thro' the whole Scene; and the Stage darken'd, to express a calm Night: The Moon-light trembling among the Trees, and gilding part of the Rocks and distant Hills. Orpheus seen wandering thoughtlessly about, among the Trees; and at length advancing toward the Front of the Stage, he sings,

Tell me, ye glitt'ring Host of Stars,
While I wander thus forlorn,
Which of you, when I was born,
Its baleful Influence shed
O'er my devoted Head?
Dire Author of these wasting Cares.

Tell me, O Parent Earth,
Has e'er before,
Since op'ning Chaos gave thee Birth,
Thy ever-trodden Bosom bore
A Wretch compleatly curs'd as I?
Whose sad Thoughts bear
Eternal War,
Who cannot live, who dare not die!

[The Musick while he sings, the softest and most melancholy imaginable, to give the stronger Contraste to the following Part of the Scene. The usual Proofs of Attention thro' the brute and inanimate Creation. When he is gone out, loud Shouts heard of Euboë! Euboë! Euboë! behind the Scenes, and enter in an irregular Manner, a Company of Bacchanals, Women in wild Postures, and fantastick Habits, as inflam'd by Wine, making that loud and confus'd Noise of Joy: Garlands of Vine-Leaves on their Heads, and Spears in their Hands wound round with Vine and Ivy-Branches: Their Hands, Faces, and Garments stain'd with Wine. Some of them carrying Torches for Light, and others bearing a kind of Trophy, in Honour of Bacchus (whose sacred Rites they are solemnizing) which they carry to the Top of the Stage, and form a grand but irregular Dance before it. The Musick wild, loud, and disorderly. When the Dance is over

1st Bac. Now let our Voices rend the trembling Air
With strongest Accents--- 'tis to Bacchus' Honour.
Hear ye wild Rocks, and Hills, and loud re-eccho!

[Chorus of all,
very loud.

Bacchus is greatest in Heav'n's high Abodes,
Ador'd of all Mortals, belov'd of all Gods!

1st Bacch.

1st Bacch.

*Soft to give the wretched Ease,
Bold, to bid the injur'd dare,
Gay and smiling, sweet in Peace.
Fierce and terrible in War.*

Chorus
of all.

*Bacchus is greatest in Heaven's high Abodes,
Ador'd of all Mortals, below'd of all Gods.*

2^d Bacch.

*He can give to crown our Mirth,
Thirst or Hunger lest we fear,
Streams of Milk from barren Earth,
Honey from the tufted Spear.*

Chorus
of all.

*Bacchus is greatest in Heav'n's high Abodes,
Ador'd of all Mortals, below'd of all Gods.*

3^d Bacch.

*Him if impious Men despise,
Or dare our sacred Rites annoy,
Great in Vengeance see him rise,
And Kings with horrid Deaths destroy.*

Chorus
of all.

*Bacchus is greatest in Heav'n's high Abodes,
Ador'd of all Mortals, below'd of all Gods.*

[As another is beginning to sing, Orpheus enters among the Trees at the farther End of the Stage playing on his Harp, she hearing it, turns that Way, and as soon as she sees him, cries out.]

4th Bacch. The Syren, Sisters ! whose enchanting Sounds
Enflame us with Desires of Love and Wine ;
Cold and insensible himself to either :
Destroy him ; tear th' enchanting Mouth asunder,
And scatter o'er the Fields his mangl'd Carcase !

[As she sings this, she runs toward him, and tosses her Spear at him : All follow her Example ; and afterwards gather up Stones and throw them at him. He kneels, and in a Posture of entreating Mercy plays on his Harp, and sings.]

Orph.

Orph. Pity ! ah pity an unhappy Wand'rer !
Un-meaning ought offensive to your Rites.

[They give no Attention or Regard to him, but continue throwing Stones more violently. But for the last Miracle of his Musick their Spears and the Stones they threw both charm'd by it hang in the Air, and before they come to him, fall at his Feet.]

1st Bacch. His Musick Charms our Weapons from their Purpose,
With loud Euhoes drown the painful Sounds.

[Here they all hollow out Euboë, Euboë, Euboë, and with their Noise drown his Musick, then the Stones fly to him, and at length he falls, on which they run to him, and taking him up, pull off his Arms, Legs, and Head, and tearing his Body all in Pieces, scatter it about the Stage.]

3d Bacch. Revenge ! how sweet art thou !--- see where he lies !
Now form the solemn Dance of Joy and Triumph.

[Here another Dance ; when it is almost concluded, enter Bacchus in his Chariot drawn by Tygers. They all gather round him dancing, hollowing, and singing,

Bacchus is greatest, &c.

[He first looks with Compassion at the Limbs and mangl'd Carcase thrown about the Stage, then sternly at them, and with Appearance of the highest Indignation signs to them with his Hand to be silent. They all draw back and scatter themselves with Terror here and there about the Stage.]

Bacch. Be still--- nor think with these pretended Raptures
To drown the Horrour of this guilty Scene !
What hell-born Fury urg'd you to this Cruelty ?
What Stuff impenetrable bound your Hearts
So firm, as cou'd resist his pow'rful Musick ?
Saw you not ev'n your Weapons lose their Force ?
And fall as humble Suppliants at his Feet ?
And cou'd Shame let you stand unmov'd to see it !

G

How

How have ye stain'd with Blood my sacred Rites !
 How with a Cruelty too great for Nature
 Branded Religion's Name ! --- Mine's the Dis-honour,
 And Heav'n and Earth call loud on me for Vengeance !

Be then these guilty Plains that saw the Crime
 The Scene of Punishment, and ye inhuman
 Be rooted here, eternal Monuments :
 How dreadful the Decrees of Wrath divine !

*[Here he waves his Thyrsus toward Heav'n,
 Thunder and Light'ning, then a dreadful
 Shriek, and all the Bacchanals are turn'd
 into Trees. Bacchus then descends from his
 Chariot, and coming to the Front of the Stage
 speaks,*

Such, impious, will there rise in ev'ry Age,
 To shock the World with Scenes of holy Rage :
 Zealots of all Religions shall they come,
 Of *Thrace* and *Greece*, of *Egypt*, and of *Rome*.
 But this most pity'd, most unhappy Youth,
 This Wretched Martyr to un-equal'd Truth,
 Each God, and all good Fates at once forsook,
 When charm'd too strongly, by too bright a Look :
 He scorn'd Elysium, sigh'd for upper Air,
 And dar'd the Joys of Earth to Joys of Heav'n prefer :
 Yet pitying, what we suffer'd ; here we view'd
 To this we doom'd who spilt his sacred Blood, *[pointing to the Trees.]*
 And bid the World his mournful Story tell,
 Un-aided, but not unreveng'd, he fell !

F I N I S.

P.S. This Opera was intended either to be perform'd singly as it is, by Way of an Entertainment, or if the Taste of the Town wou'd like it better, with the Songs and Speeches much shorten'd, and a Harlequinade intermix'd. In that Form Mr. *Rich* intends what he performs shall appear, and tho' I imagin'd he wou'd unquestionably have made a new Harlequinade, as I have heard much of his Talent that Way, yet I have Reason to believe, he will play my Harlequinade too, and as I think, without any Alteration.

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